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A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

DUTCH MANNERS—FAIRS—CLEANLINESS—STATE OF
CRIME—PATRIOTISM—RELIGION.

IN the course of our stay in Rotterdam, and subsequent journey through the country, we did not find that amusements of a public nature are liberally countenanced in Holland. Notwithstanding the number of havens, rivers, and canals, which prevail in every town, no boating or pleasure sailing ever came under our notice. The tranquil enjoyments of home, and social converse, are principally cultivated. The thoughts of the men are divided betwixt attention to their business and their pipes; while the chief occupation of the females lies within the range of the ordinary domestic duties. The only relaxation consists in walking on a fine summer's evening in one of the beautiful avenues of trees or public gardens, which every town possesses for the express use of all classes of its citizens. In these places of public resort, the utmost decorum prevails; all equally enjoy without molestation the pleasures of the scene; and the English stranger is forcibly reminded of the fact, that in his own country nothing of the kind exists, or could possibly be sanctioned by the arbitrary rules of fashion. In Rotterdam there are several places of this description on the banks of the Maas, to which the sober citizens with their wives may resort to pass an idle hour in harmless recreation.

In our various walks we were much amused with observing that every house has one or more mirrors in frames, fixed by means of iron rods on the outsides of the windows, and at such an angle as to command a complete view either of the doorway, or of all that passes on the street. These looking-glasses are universal in Holland, both in town and country, and are the solace of the ladies while following their domestic avocations. In cold weather females enjoy a comfort of a different kind. Each is permitted by fashion to use a small footstool in the form of a square box, open at one side, into which a sancer of live peat is put, and the heat being allowed to escape through perforations on the upper side of the box, both the feet and limbs are kept in a state of agreeable warmth. These fire-stools are seen every where, even in the churches, and are indispensable to the comfort of the ladies of Holland. The peat used is remarkably fine, and being previously brought to a state of red heat all over, it is free of any visible smoke. Every tea-kettle and urn which one sees brought to table, is kept boiling by a simple apparatus of this kind; and by the same plan coffee is kept hot and obtainable in every quarter at all hours of the day. Trifling as such a convenience may appear, I ascribe to it much that is beneficial to the community. In consequence of coffee of the best kind being sold in Holland at a shilling per pound, and there existing a very simple means of keeping it always ready for use, this beverage is most extensively used by the lower as well as higher orders of society, and in a great measure occupies the place which is in England filled with some kind of intoxicating liquors.

While the Dutch do not generally patronise public amusements, they make an exception in the case of certain annual fairs. On these occasions something very much like saturnalia prevails—a great deal of amusement is executed at once, and done with, until the recurrence of the festival in the succeeding year. The great annual *kermis*, or fair of Rotterdam, occurred during my stay in the place. In all the principal streets beneath the umbrageous trees which line the havens, temporary wooden booths and houses were erected, and in these a display of all kinds of light and fancy goods was made. Among the odd and striking costumes of the dealers from distant places, which here meet the

eye, we readily singled out those of the females of North Friesland. These women, with bright blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fresh ruddy complexions, are the perfect living representations of the pure Gothic race. They are selected for their beauty and liveliness of manner by travelling dealers in goods, who hire and bring them from their native district, in order to assist in the sale of articles in the booths. The chief peculiarity of their attire is in the head-dress. Round plates of gold, or silver, or perhaps silver gilt, are fitted closely to the head on both sides, and joined together by a narrow stripe behind. This costly and glittering species of helmet, which is open at top and front, reaches to the ears, and there two ornaments of the same metal are inserted. The shape of these ornaments is worth mentioning. They are made precisely in the form of a ram's horn, being twisted like a cork-screw, and their points arranged so as to project to a level with the face. From these strangely twisted wires, hang large stone or gold pendants. Over the head-plates a small cap of richly wrought lace with a straight border is placed. I had the curiosity to inquire the price of some of these gay head-garnitures, and found that they occasionally cost as much as sixteen pounds of English money. This may seem a large sum for females in a comparatively humble rank of life to expend on a single article of jewellery; but outlays of this nature are quite common among the lower classes of Dutchwomen. The first consideration, after procuring the simplest attire, is the saving of money to purchase gold necklaces, ear-rings, and other trinkets. Many female domestic servants in Rotterdam may thus be seen with twenty pounds' worth of jewellery about their persons. In these things, indeed, they have much pride, for they constitute their dowry, and if need be, in the event of marriage, are devoted to the acquisition of necessary articles for their household. An unmarried Dutch female in humble life, therefore, who cannot make a good show of jewellery, is viewed as at once thriftless and poor, and has accordingly little chance of receiving the addresses of a suitor.

Among the vast array of booths at the Rotterdam fair, the *waffle krams*, or shops for the sale of cakes and confectionery, are most conspicuous and numerous. These are fitted up in a style of considerable neatness. In the highly decorated part, open to the street, is seen a large fire of blazing wood, beside which a man constantly sits, engaged in cooking a peculiar kind of thin cakes called *waffles*. These are rapidly baked by an iron apparatus resembling a huge pair of pincers, and are served up all hot to the customers, who crowd the other end of the booth, which is laid out in the form of a small coffee-room. At some of these krams the only articles of sale are pickled vegetables and hard-boiled eggs, which are eaten in great quantities by certain classes of the people, and at a very small cost. At a kram opposite the window of our dwelling, we had frequently occasion to see persons stand for a few minutes, and individually devour eight or ten eggs, with a corresponding quantity of pickles. During the evenings of the fair-days, the population of the city, high and low, crowds to the booths, where horsemanship, rope-dancing, and theatrical entertainments, are carried on. Towards the conclusion of the festival, which lasts a whole week, the fair becomes more intense and uproarious; and when Saturday night closes the scene, the surfeited citizens bid good-bye to any thing beyond ordinary recreations for at least twelve months to come. I was glad to learn that these fairs are annually declining; and there can be no doubt, that, as society improves, they will dwindle into that insignificance which similar festivals have come to in this country.

Every body has heard of the cleanliness of the Dutch. This is a point in their character which I allow is beyond all praise. With the housewives and female domestics of Holland, cleanliness is a perfect phrenzy. The genius of scrubbery and scourery rests over the land. There is, however, a reason for this state of things. Such is the moistness of the climate, that extreme cleanliness is a matter of urgent necessity. Be this as it may, it is quite exhilarating to see the active cleanly habits of the people. Go into a kitchen, no matter in what dwelling, and there see the perfect brilliancy of every thing around—the pure white marble floor, the walls covered with glittering porcelain tiles, the fireplace a stove of brick and tiles, with not a particle of dust visible, and the saucepans of copper, polished to the brightness of mirrors. Next, go into the streets, and see the servant girls in their white cotton stockings and wooden shoes (the latter used only for the occasion) scrubbing the brick pavement and causeway in front of the house, and slashing the water about the windows and doors with buckets and a small brass forcing-pump. See all this, and acknowledge that the Dutch females are animated by an inextinguishable love of cleanliness.

Laying out of view the periodical outbreaks at the annual kermis, the general habits of the Dutch are extremely staid and orderly; and neither drunkenness nor any of that nocturnal indecency is seen on the public thoroughfares, which disgraces every large town in Britain with which I am acquainted. Serious crimes, such as murder, housebreaking, and robbery, are exceedingly rare; and although the towns are crowded with strangers during the fairs, and there are then plenty of valuable goods in a most unprotected state on the streets, offences requiring judicial correction are exceedingly limited in number. In walking through the densest crowds by night or day, we never felt the smallest alarm for the safety of either our persons or property. Those who know the Dutch intimately, have mentioned to me that the people possess keen acquisitive desires, and will go to the very verge of honesty to satisfy them, but that they want that adventurousness or fearlessness of consequences which leads to positive crime in Britain. This, however, is a point of extreme difficulty, for what is termed want of fearlessness may be in reality due moral regulation of conduct, and a result of early school and religious training. It should likewise be remembered, that, from the universal industry of the people, there is comparatively little abject poverty, except among the aged and infirm, and consequently little occasion to commit crime from the influence of want. No idle persons are seen in Holland, and during my stay I never saw a drunk one. In no country, also, are the poor so well taken care of. Amsterdam is full of hospitals for persons in decayed circumstances and for orphans, and Rotterdam contains a number of the same description, including a common poor-house, which at present maintains 600 individuals of both sexes. From another establishment in Rotterdam connected with the management of the poor, six thousand loaves of bread are dispensed weekly, as also medicines of all kinds. I had not an opportunity of visiting any of the hospitals for orphans in Rotterdam, but frequently saw the inmates in their neat uniform dresses walking on the street, or going to church, and their appearance was exceedingly creditable to those who had the management of them. One very material difference between the British and Dutch charitable institutions deserves to be noticed. No eleemosynary establishments in Holland are seen in edifices costing £30,000 in their erection; all are plain brick buildings of modest appearance, and the inmates enjoy a degree of comfort in proportion.

The funds for the support of the general poor in Holland are for the most part raised by voluntary contributions in the churches and elsewhere. Every opportunity is taken to levy a small sum for this purpose. The opening of an improved foot-path, or the execution of any other work of public convenience, forms an appropriate occasion for placing a box with *Gadenki Armen* (think of the poor) inscribed above it. During the severe frosts of last winter, when the Maas was frozen over at Rotterdam, a temporary gangway communicating from the quay to the ice was erected by the public authorities, and produced, as I was told, several hundred pounds of toll for the poor. A still more effectual plan of raising funds for the poor, consists in levying a per-centage on the price of all tickets of admission to theatres, exhibitions, shows, or other public amusements; this tax, I believe, is about a penny in every shilling of the admission money. In the churches, the collections for the poor are made by the deacons of the congregation; a small black velvet bag, with a bell as a tassel, is fixed to the end of a long rod, and placed before each person for his alms. The quantity of money fished in this way is, as may be supposed, pretty considerable, for every one feels impelled to put something in the bag. Greatly to the honour of the Dutch, they have no respect for persons or creeds in exercising the sacred office of almoners. Public collections take place every year in Rotterdam for the poor of the Jewish persuasion; these collections are made by the deacons of the different churches, who go from door to door through the whole town with a silver salver in their hands to receive the donations.

As every thing tending to throw light on the social condition of the people formed a subject for my inquiry, I felt desirous of inspecting the great central prison at Rotterdam for male juvenile offenders. Accompanied by the worthy and amiable Mr Delprat, chief school-inspector of the district, and my friend the Reverend Mr Steven, Scotch minister in Rotterdam, also Mr Schultze, my interpreter, I visited this receptacle for delinquents. It is a large plain edifice situated at the head of the High Street, and is known by the name of the Spin-house, from the circumstance of spinning once having formed the chief task-work of the inmates. Here are confined all the boys and lads under eighteen years of age who have been convicted of crime in any part of Holland. It contains no young female criminals, these being confined in a similar establishment at Amsterdam, while all the older criminals are, as I believe, sent to certain penal settlements in a remote part of the country. On entering the Spin-house, I observed that it consisted of a large tenement fronting the street, and a square courtyard behind, surrounded by buildings two stories in height. The various departments are under the charge of turnkeys or guards, dressed in a military uniform, and throughout the whole house and corridors the utmost silence prevails. Conducted by one of the higher officials, we were at once introduced into the schoolroom, in which were collected all the prisoners in the establishment. Let the reader conceive the idea of an apartment measuring perhaps thirty feet square, traversed by eight or ten rows of school desks and forms, at which sat as many rows of boys and lads, all dressed in a uniform consisting of a coarse linen jacket buttoned up to the throat, trousers of the same material, woollen stockings, and wooden shoes—and further let him imagine that every thing was exceedingly clean, the faces of the boys included, and he will have a picture before him of the establishment in full operation.

"And are these the whole male juvenile criminals of Holland?" I inquired of the official who conducted us. "They are," he answered. "What is their number?" "At present there are ninety-five, but sometimes there are a few more and sometimes less—the highest number ever in the house was one hundred and sixteen, and the lowest number eighty-four." "Are there no boys or lads in confinement in the prisons of the provincial towns?" "No, none except such as are confined for a day or two for petty offences—all regularly-convicted offenders and vagabonds, and who evidently require instruction and moral discipline, are sent to this place." "May I ask," pursuing the conversation, "how many prisoners you have out of Rotterdam alone; it is a bustling town of eighty thousand inhabitants, and I suppose yields a pretty large crop of delinquents." "The number of prisoners belonging to Rotterdam is four." "Do you mean to say that only four boys have been taken up for committing depredations in this large town?" "I can assure you, mynheer," was the reply, "that we seldom have more than four or five boys or lads from this city." "Now," said I, "you will oblige me by mentioning how many prisoners there are belonging to the different religious persuasions?" This question being out of the usual routine of inquiries, our conductor proceeded to the books of entry for the prison, and with the approval of the commandant, furnished me with a note to the following effect. "Sixty-two Protestants; thirty-two Roman Catholics; and one Jew—total, ninety-five." Not to tire the reader with these minute queries and replies, I proceed to state the substance of the information I received. The proportion of boys belonging to different religious

bodies, agrees in a great measure with the religious statistics of the country; there are, however, at all times fewer prisoners, in proportion, of the Jewish persuasion, than of any other. The prison has no chaplain. The whole of the inmates are placed for their daily education under the charge of Mr Schlimmer, a young man of mild but firm demeanour, who conducts the school in the best possible manner, at an annual salary of 1000 guilders, or about L.83 sterling, which, with all other expenses of the school, is paid by a charitable or philanthropic institution. The master, in teaching, is assisted by one of the best-behaved and more advanced pupils, also by a lad from the town. No religious doctrine is inculcated by the teacher; but the general principles of religious and moral obligation are enforced by him in the lessons of the prisoners. For special religious instruction, a catechist of the Reformed church comes twice a-week in the forenoon, and a Roman Catholic clergyman twice a-week in the evening. A Jewish priest calls and takes charge of the boy belonging to his nation. The catechist preaches to his flock on Sunday, and the teacher's assistant reads the Bible; the Romish clergyman also preaches on Sunday to those whose spiritual interests he superintends; and in no case does the one religious functionary interfere with the operations of the other.

The general instruction given in the school consists of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and singing, all which the scholars acquire sufficiently during the period they may be individually confined. At my request they were made to give a specimen of their singing qualifications. At a well-understood signal from the master, all rose and arranged themselves in a new combination, by which all those of one tone of voice were placed together; after which they sang with spirit and in proper measure the favourite Dutch national hymn of "Faderland." Having sufficiently investigated matters in the school, we were now shown over the other parts of the establishment. The departments of most interest are the rooms situated in the court behind, where the prisoners are taught handicraft employments, in order that they may be able to earn an honest subsistence when liberated. Some are taught to be shoemakers, others to be tailors, and the remainder are trained as carpenters. The whole, according to their behaviour, are classified in three divisions, indicated by a particular mark in their dress, and their treatment and comforts partly depend on the industry which they exercise in their allotted employment. Those who are promoted to the third, or best division, are allowed small payments for over-work, and are at liberty to smoke, and to purchase small luxuries from a shop within the courtyard. The payments are in coins made of zinc, which can circulate only within the jail; this prevents the prisoners from making an improper use of their money, and what they save is changed for the ordinary money of the country when they are released from confinement. On inquiry, I learned that exceedingly few prisoners return to the establishment after they have been dismissed. When the period of their confinement ceases, they are not turned out to the streets to run the risk of falling into the commission of new crime, but are placed as apprentices or workmen where they will be strictly attended to, and for two or three years they remain to a certain extent under the surveillance of the police, or of functionaries connected with the prison.

Persons accustomed to the cosmopolitan tone of British society, cannot fail to be struck with the patriotic ardour of the Dutch. The love of their native country, or Faderland, as they fondly term it, is studiously implanted in the minds of the young. The lessons taught them at school have a constant reference to the superiority of the Dutch in bravery, learning, arts, and commerce; in short, that there is but one country in the world worth caring about, and that that country is Holland. To inflame and nourish this spirit of patriotism, every child is taught to sing the national hymn, which is a production of Tollens, the Dutch poet, and is so popular that it is heard on all occasions and in all places. The following is an English translation, by Mr S. Sanders of Rotterdam, of this admired anthem. It is sung slowly and in a pleasing harmony of sounds, the last line of each verse, "For Faderland and King" being repeated with additional emphasis of expression:—

Who Ne'erland's blood feel nobly flow,
From foreign tainture free,
Whose hearts for king and country glow,
Come, raise the song we:
With breasts serene, and spirits gay,
In holy union sing,
The soul-inspiring festal lay,
For Faderland and King.
The Godhead, on his heav'nly throne,
Rever'd and prais'd in song,
With favour hears the grateful tone,
We raise with heart and tongue;
And next the sacred seraph choir,
Who holier accents sing,
Prefers the patriot's tuneful lyre,
For Faderland and King.
Raise, brothers, raise in union true,
The wide-resounding cry;
They tell, by Heav'n's, but virtues few,
Who land and king deny:
For man nor friend the heart can glow,
Congeal'd its feelings spring,
That's cold when pray'r and music flow
For Faderland and King.

The heart beats quick, the blood swells high,
When thrills this cherish'd air,
No tones with these in beauty vie,
None strike the heart so fair.
These sacred strains to all belong,
All hopes and wishes bring
In one accord, one sacred song,
For Faderland and King.
Let this fond strain to Heaven ascend,
From out the festive hall;
Our sovereign spare—his house defend,
And us his children all.
Let this our first, last, dearest song,
All hearts with joy expand:
God save our king, his days prolong,
Protect our Faderland.

The Dutch seem to possess little musical taste in their singing, but what they want in science or skill is compensated by a heartfelt strength of expression. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind, in hearing the congregation in the great church of St Lawrence swelling the note of praise, and giving utterance with their whole heart to sentiments of devotion. The voices of the people, combined with the loud and thrilling peals of one of the largest organs in the world, formed a burst of sound like the roar of thunder, and seemed as if fit to rend the ancient Gothic structure to its foundation. The church of St Lawrence is visited by all strangers in Rotterdam, as one of the places most worthy of their inspection. I had an opportunity of visiting it during the week and on two several Sundays, so as both to obtain a sight of the different parts of the building, and to witness the forms of public worship in the national church of Holland.

This old and massive structure, whose lofty square turret rises conspicuous over all other spires in the city, is built of brick in the usual Gothic style of cathedrals, and dates its origin as far back as the year 1412. The interior has been swept of all the ornaments which it possessed prior to the Reformation, excepting the enclosed choir of old wood-work, in which once stood the high altar, and which is separated from the transepts by a fine tall screen or railing of brass. The only furniture, however, which appears on the floor of the choir, is a small pulpit or reading-desk, and here the religious ceremonial of marriage is performed by a clergyman, after it has been sanctioned and recorded by the civil authorities. The floor of the transepts of the church, and also of the side aisles, in which of old stood various altars, are bare and open, and are completely laid with hard blue stones carved as monuments for the graves which they cover. I here, for the first time, noticed a peculiarity in monumental erections, which I afterwards observed in every church in Holland which I visited. This is the defaced condition of the coats of arms. Most tombstones have had the arms of the persons they commemorate engraved upon them, and in every instance the shields in these blazons have been carefully effaced. No matter whether it be the tombstone of a burgher, or a noble, or the marble monument of one of those great admirals whom the Dutch are so proud of, the same indignity has been put upon it. I learned that this general defacement was the work of the French during their occupation of the country, their object being to destroy every vestige of Dutch nationality, and leave no memorial of family distinction.

The church of St Lawrence contains only three monuments to distinguished public characters—the Admirals De Witt, Kortnaer, and Brakel. The two former flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and with Tromp and De Ruyter coped with and occasionally overcame the fleets of England; Brakel lived at a somewhat later date. The monuments, placed against the wall in the transepts, are chiefly of white marble, with reclining figures of the warriors of the same material. On each is a poetical inscription commemorative of the character and deeds of the deceased. The lines on the tomb of Kortnaer are literally translated as follows:—

The hero of the Maas, although wanting an eye and the right hand,
Was the eye of the helm, and the fist of his fatherland.
Alas, the great Kortnaer, the terror of the enemies' fleets,
And the opener of the Sound, lies in this grave shut up.

The lines to Brakel give a good idea of a fiery Dutch admiral—

By chains, thunders, lead, steel, and flashes of lightning,
To fly and seize upon plunder from the enemies' ground.
Was the work of Brakel, who snatched his triumphs from the burning;

His name and warlike virtue ornament his grave and country.
Shot 1620, in a battle with the French.

The only part of the church devoted to the religious service, is the nave, which is filled on each side with plain rising benches, the middle being entirely occupied with eight hundred rush-bottomed chairs disposed in regular rows, and appropriated as seats for the female members of the congregation. At one side, resting against a pillar, stands the pulpit of old black oak, with a large flat sounding-board overhead. I mention this canopy in order to introduce a notice of a practice which might be advantageously transplanted to Britain. For evening service, a lamp is placed in such a manner in the centre of the sounding-board as to throw down a strong light both on the clergyman's person and on the book which lies before him. The effect is exceedingly striking, and appears to be superior to the usual plan of lighting pulpits in this country. At the end of the nave, over the main doorway, stands the organ, a stupendous structure, resting on twelve marble

* The population of Holland is at present rather more than two millions and a half, or about the same as that of Scotland.

pillars with brass capitals, and reaching to a height of ninety feet. On its summit, under the vaulted roof, is fixed a fine figure of an angel blowing a trumpet, which, with various tasteful ornaments, gives an appearance of lightness to the fabric. This organ, which is of modern erection, consists of five thousand and eighty-four pipes, with seventy-three stops, and is reckoned equal to that of Haarlem in point of size and tone. On a marble tablet underneath it, there is a long inscription in Dutch, the beginning of which is thus translated: "To the Holy Trinity, this organ is reverently consecrated by the honourable the churchwardens of the city of Rotterdam: 1792."

The Dutch national church is presbyterian, and resembles that which is established in Scotland, both with respect to doctrine and ritual of public worship. The only remarkable peculiarity which I observed in the service, was the reading of a chapter and singing a hymn by the precursor previous to the entrance of the clergyman, also the use of an organ in assisting the psalmody. The custom of the women sitting apart from the men was new to me, and I suppose is of ancient origin. Nothing can be more decorous than the devout demeanour of the whole congregation, many of whom engage for a few minutes in mental prayer on entering the church, and also when the psalms are about to be sung. From all I could learn, the religious condition of Holland is at present as excellent as it has been at any former period of history. A spirit of rational piety prevails, and so likewise does the most perfect toleration, not only in name, but in deed. Although the Dutch Reformed Church is to be considered the national church of the country, being established by a law in 1816, the clergymen of all persuasions alike receive an allowance out of the public treasury. The stipends of the established clergy vary from L.50 to L.200 per annum, but the country ministers have a free house, glebe, and garden.* The harmony which now subsists among all parties in Holland on the subject of religion, is, I believe, unexampled in any part of the world, and is one of the most gratifying circumstances which fall under the notice of a stranger.

THE THREE FRIENDS OF BRUSSELS, A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

SOME years ago there resided at Brussels three young men, named Charles Darancourt, Theodore de Valmont, and Ernest de St Maure, whose friendship for each other was of so ardent a nature, that they were generally known by the title of *The Inseparables*. The first link which bound these youths together was the remarkable circumstance of their having been all three born on one day, and, being all of good families, they had been constant playfellows in childhood, had studied at the same academy as schoolboys, and had become members of the same university in their more advanced years. Through all these stages of their existence, they had exhibited the same unvarying affection for one another, and had displayed great intimacy in their tastes, feelings, and pursuits. On reaching manhood, however, circumstances led them, as might be expected, to adopt different courses of life. Darancourt, the son of an eminent physician, selected the profession of the law as the road to eminence and respectability in the world. St Maure, whose father was a nobleman of decayed fortunes, chose the army as most suitable to his birth and pretensions. De Valmont, on the other hand, preferred the captivating study of letters and the fine arts to the pursuit of any positive profession; and the circumstances of his father, a retired colonel of engineers, enabled the young man, for the time at least, to indulge his tastes in this respect.

Ernest de St Maure, at the period whence this narrative takes its date, had not yet joined the army, but the imperial mandate (for Brussels was then within the dominions of Napoleon) was looked for daily, and Count de St Maure and his lady were sadly preparing their minds for parting with their only and beloved son. At this time it was, that Charles Darancourt, who had been recently admitted a member of the masonic fraternity, took an opportunity of suggesting to young St Maure the propriety of entering the same society. Darancourt's counsel was founded on certain stories told of soldiers having fallen into the hands of the enemy, and having been saved by discovering a brother-mason in some of the captors. "Now who knows," cried the young barrister, with the ardour of friendship, "but you, St Maure, may be thrown into a similar situation, and may escape by the like means?" Though disposed to look upon the mysteries of masonry as a useless mummery, St Maure allowed himself to be persuaded by his friend, and promised to undergo initiation at an early day. At the same time he would consent only on condition of Darancourt himself acting as sole initiator, which the barrister, however irregular the proceeding might be, professed his willingness to undertake.

* The Dutch government pay the salaries of the clergy, because the property of the church was seized by the state at the commencement of the revolutionary troubles. For a very explicit account of the Dutch ecclesiastical establishment, see a pamphlet on the subject by the Rev. W. Steven; recently published by Vandermeer and Verbruggen, Rotterdam, and Nisbet and Co., London.

During the Sunday immediately following the day on which this conversation took place, Count de St Maure's house was observed to be shut up by the neighbours. None of the inmates, at least, were seen to issue from it, though they had ever been remarkable for their punctuality in attendance on the services of the church. The neighbours, however, merely concluded some of them to be ill. But about eight o'clock in the evening, Charles Darancourt and Theodore de Valmont called, in order to spend a social hour with the family. Their repeated knockings at the door remaining unanswered, they at length alarmed the neighbourhood. The door was burst open, and, to the horror of the spectators, four murdered bodies were found in the various bedrooms. The corpses, whose throats were shockingly cut, were those of the Count de St Maure, his lady, and their two servants. It was also found that a desk had been broken open, and plundered of valuable jewels, known to have been there. On this appalling discovery, Darancourt, whose friendship for the family was well known, appeared at first paralysed with grief. When he recovered from his trance-like stupor, he rushed from the house, exclaiming, "My friend! my dear Ernest! Where is my poor friend!" This exclamation called the minds of the spectators, for the first time, to the circumstance of young St Maure's absence. The authorities were speedily called to the spot, and, among other steps taken, a search was instituted for Ernest de St Maure. De Valmont, who retained much more presence of mind than Darancourt had exhibited, conducted in person the search for Ernest. But the whole of Brussels was examined in vain. The young man was to be seen nowhere.

At the solemn investigation which took place into the whole of this tragic affair, circumstances came out which tended strongly to fix the guilt of parricide on the missing youth. A pen-knife, marked with his initials, was found near the scene of slaughter, covered with blood. This, to all appearance, was the instrument with which the murders had been committed. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of young St Maure, and in the estimation of all men he was accounted a parricide, until, on the sixth morning after the murders, a new turn was given to the affair by the discovery of the youth's body in a stagnant well in the outskirts of the city. At first, indeed, as no wound was seen on the body, it was only thought that he had added self-destruction to his other crimes, but, on a more minute examination, a small puncture was detected on the breast, immediately over the heart. This had well nigh been passed over as a trifling and accidental scratch. At the urgent entreaty of one surgeon, however, the chest was thoroughly laid open, when it was found that the heart had been pierced to its centre by a sharp instrument of exceeding minuteness, in a direct line with the external puncture. This, obviously, had been the cause of death. As the young man could not have thus slain himself, and then have conveyed his body to the well, it became apparent to all that Ernest de St Maure also had fallen a victim to the same conspiracy which had overwhelmed his parents. This, at all events, was the strong presumption; and so satisfactory did the discovery appear to the authorities, that they laid the son in the same grave with his parents, thus clearing his memory, as far as they could, from the dreadful charge of being a parricide. The arguments of Charles Darancourt were chiefly instrumental in procuring this justice for his departed friend. The young advocate displayed in this cause all the warmth of sorrowing affection, and all the power of forensic genius.

No further light was thrown on the fate of the St Maures, until some weeks after the tragic event. Several papers were then discovered in an escritoire by the late count's brother, which threw a dark suspicion on one of the most intimate friends of the deceased—on Theodore de Valmont! It appeared by these documents that de Valmont had fixed his affections on Emily Duplessis, a beautiful young lady, who returned his passion, in spite of a long-standing quarrel between their families. Ernest de St Maure and Charles Darancourt had been de Valmont's only confidants, and had assisted him in procuring interviews with the object of his affections. Being thus occasionally brought into contact with the young lady, Ernest de St Maure had himself been inspired with a deep and unhappy passion for Emily Duplessis. He had confessed this to Darancourt, and had at the same time declared his resolution to root it out of his mind, and to die rather than injure de Valmont. But the passion had not been so easily overcome, and de Valmont had at length become aware of the truth. This led to a series of letters between him and St Maure, which letters were now discovered. In some passages of these, de Valmont reasoned with Ernest as with a brother on the subject of his misplaced passion, while in others Theodore used language that now bore a most unfortunate aspect. "You know me too well," said de Valmont in one letter, "not to feel convinced, that, independently of all other motives, an innate sense of what is due to my own honour would urge me to inflict the most ample vengeance on the head of him who could avail himself of my unbounded confidence to estrange from me the affections of my adored Emily." These and other passages of the discovered correspondence admitted of an inference so unfavourable to Theodore de Valmont, that the authorities, on having the letters laid before them, immediately took him into custody. Various other circumstances of a

disadvantageous nature came subsequently into view. It was remembered, by those who had been present, how comparatively little emotion had been shown by Theodore on the discovery of the murdered bodies, while Darancourt had displayed such agitating grief and horror. Besides, de Valmont, it now appeared, had been met and recognised near the scene of guilt on the night of the murders. When asked to explain where he had then been, de Valmont showed manifest confusion, and said he had been visiting a friend, but positively refused to name that friend. And, moreover, a respectable female came forward, who averred that, on the third or fourth day after the tragedy, she had washed a shirt for the prisoner, the right sleeve of which was clotted with blood. The explanation which de Valmont gave of this circumstance was lame, confused, and improbable. On these grounds of suspicion, Theodore de Valmont was appointed to take his trial for the murder of the St Maures, though no one could even imagine a reason for his having included the parents in that revenge, which Ernest alone seemed to have merited at his hands.

Charles Darancourt was unremitting in his attempts to sustain his imprisoned friend under the heavy affliction of such a charge as this. To Darancourt, Theodore confided the task of communicating the intelligence of this accusation to Emily Duplessis. The young lady was so dreadfully affected as to sink into a violent fever, during the ravings of which she revealed to her parents the fact of her having not only loved de Valmont, but of her having been recently united to him by a private marriage. This information, which she did not gainsay on recovering partially from her illness, had the effect of widening the circle implicated in these dark transactions, since the parents of Emily had the grief of seeing her fate bound up with that of one on whom a charge rested of the most atrocious kind. Their previous hostility to the de Valmonts, the parents might perhaps have readily got over; but there was now deep disgrace attending any connection with the very name of de Valmont. The discovery of the marriage was therefore concealed.

The morning allotted for de Valmont's trial arrived. The officers went to his cell to remove him, but lo! the place was empty! The prisoner had undermined the wall, and escaped by scaling the prison-walls. On the table lay a letter addressed to Mademoiselle Duplessis, which was opened by the authorities, and was found to contain an animated and solemn assertion of the writer's innocence. But, seeing circumstances to bear against him, he had resolved (the letter said) to take the only visible mode of saving his life, in the hope of one day proving his innocence; and until this was established, he never would return (he said) to Brussels. An energetic search was made for Theodore de Valmont, but it proved fruitless.

Thus was justice again baffled, at a time when it had fixed, in its own belief, on the true criminal. But Theodore's letter, which was long and most eloquently pathetic, made a deep impression in his favour on many persons, and, among others, on the parents of his wife, Emily Duplessis, or rather de Valmont. On conversing with their daughter, they moreover learnt that Theodore had been visiting Emily on the night of the murders, and had hurt his right arm in crossing the garden-wall of her father's house. Not knowing that Emily in her illness had revealed the marriage, de Valmont would not betray the secret, and hence his confused answers when questioned, as already mentioned. Knowing these things, Emily's parents longed for Theodore's return, which might now have been comparatively safe. But he could not be heard of any where. The parents now consented to the open acknowledgment of their daughter's marriage with the absent Theodore, which consent Emily had strong reasons for entreating from them. When Theodore had been absent seven months, his wife gave birth to a son, for whom Charles Darancourt stood sponsor at the font. Darancourt, on this occasion, after pledging to the mother and child, called on the guests present to join him in drinking, "To the happy return of the absent father, and may his innocence soon be established!" Strange to say, this wish seemed in some measure fulfilled, not many days after its utterance, in a manner that deeply affected him who uttered it. A cart was stopped one night at the city barrier by one of the collectors of the imposts. No contraband goods were found in the cart, but, in the act of search, a small box fell off, and was crushed by one of the wheels. The collector assisted in gathering up its contents, and, while doing so, picked up a brilliant diamond brooch. The collector had been once in the service of the Count de St Maure, and instantly recognised the brooch, which was of great value, as having belonged to that nobleman. The cart was taken into custody, and, on examination, stated that he had been employed by a gentleman to carry trunks and various articles of furniture to a country-house about a mile distant from Brussels. Being asked the gentleman's name, the man readily gave it as "Monsieur Darancourt, the younger, residing in the Grand Square."

Charles Darancourt was ere long, as his friend de Valmont had been before him, consigned to a prison on the charge of murdering the St Maures. The strange fate which had thus caused suspicion to fall on the very dearest friends of the deceased, made the case most remarkable in the eyes of all men. Charles Darancourt was brought fairly to trial. He defended himself with equal calmness and ability, declaring the

brooch to have been given to him in a present by the Count de St. Maure. On the other hand, the collector proved that the count had ever seemed to regard the brooch as the most valuable of his family jewels, and had once refused it, in the witness's hearing, to his own son. There was, on the very face of it, an improbability in the notion that a man of small fortune, like the count, should give away a jewel of such value as a mere friendly present. It was further proved that Ernest de St. Maure had been last seen entering the prisoner's house, on the night before his disappearance; and on being called forward to tell what they knew, Charles Darancourt's three servants were found to have been all sent out of the way, on various errands, on the night in question. A chain of presumptive evidence of this nature was established against Darancourt, and, in despite of the talent with which he defended himself, he was condemned to die for the murder of the St. Maures.

Charles Darancourt solemnly protested his innocence, and continued to repeat the assertion during the interval spent in awaiting the fulfilment of his sentence. The fatal day at length came, and the prisoner was led out to the scaffold, to die an ignominious death in presence of assembled thousands, who looked on with strangely mingled feelings of pity and satisfaction, caused by the ambiguous and mysterious nature of the case. The majority of the spectators could not bring their minds to believe in the commission of such wholesale murders by one man, and that man an ingenuous youth and a dear friend of the sufferers. But the decision of the law, though it could not remove doubt, was not to be opposed. When all was ready on the scaffold, and eternity immediately before him, Charles Darancourt pulled from his bosom a sealed packet, and handed it to the priest in attendance, with directions that it should be given after his death to his father. The fatal cord was about to be fixed, when a loud shout arose from the populace, and the crowd was seen opening up to permit the passage of a horseman, accompanied by several soldiers. "A respite!" was the cry. The populace, already excited by this event, were still more so, when they beheld the horseman spring to the scaffold, embrace the prisoner, and then advance to address themselves. It was Theodore de Valmont! He spoke at some length to the multitude, telling them that, on hearing of Darancourt's condemnation, he had flown to Paris, and had detailed the whole circumstances to the emperor, who had been thus moved to grant a respite. "I knew my own innocence," continued Theodore, "and I could not doubt that my beloved friend was equally innocent with myself. Our intimacy with the unfortunate deceased has well nigh brought death on both of us, for that intimacy is our sole crime. The mystery which hangs over this sad story, heaven will clear up in its own good time!" The shouts of the people rose joyfully on the air, for the words of de Valmont carried conviction with them.

What were the feelings of Charles Darancourt on being thus snatched from the grave? He retained all his calmness, and merely uttered a few broken sentences, expressive of gratitude to heaven for his liberation from the charge of being a murderer and a robber. He then turned mildly to the priest, and requested the restoration of the packet. The priest was about to comply, when one of the attendant officers snatched it from the holy father's hands, declaring it to be his duty to retain and show it to his superiors. The prisoner quietly remonstrated against this seizure of papers relating only to private family affairs. But the officer was obstinate. Darancourt and de Valmont were then conveyed to prison, as the respite ordered, till the emperor's will should be further known. On reaching prison, Charles Darancourt immediately communicated with his friends, and protested anew against the seizure of his papers. The authorities did not listen to his request.

Well might Darancourt struggle for the repossession of that fatal packet! Believing death inevitable, Darancourt had there made a confession—and what a confession! A confession of five cool and deliberate murders effected by him without an accomplice! The following is an abstract of that paper's contents:—"Having formed a deep attachment to Emily Duplessis, Darancourt had resolved to cut off both de Valmont and Ernest de St. Maure, as obstacles in his way. Ernest fell first into his power. This victim came to the house of Darancourt to be initiated into the mysteries of masonry. Under pretence of performing these, Darancourt had contrived to bind the young man so that he could stir neither hand nor foot, and had then opened the victim's dress, and thrust a knitting-needle between the ribs into the centre of the heart! Ernest de St. Maure died instantly, almost without a groan. Taking a key, by which the deceased left himself into his own house at nights, from Ernest's pockets, and also a pen-knife, Darancourt then carried the body by a back road to a neighbouring well, and threw it in. He then hurried to the Count de St. Maure's house, let himself in, and murdered the master of the house, his wife, and his two domestics, while sleeping in their beds. The principal motive for Darancourt's entering the house was the desire to gain possession of a bond for 5000 francs, which, out of his slender means, the count had lent the young lawyer to prosecute his studies. The murder of the servants, and, indeed, of the other victims also, was committed lest they should disturb him in the robbery of the house, which proved a temptation

too strong to be overcome when the murderer found the chance in his power. Family jewels and cash to a considerable amount were the price of his guilt. By leaving the pen-knife, Darancourt hoped to throw suspicion on the son of the count, and this really turned out as he had anticipated, though the unexpected opening of the old well had subverted that part of the expected issue. Darancourt had doomed de Valmont to death at the first opportunity."

This fearful revelation—from the murderer's own hand—filled the minds of the people of Brussels with the deepest horror. Had the packet been returned to the guilty Darancourt, mystery, it seemed probable, would have permanently hung over the fate of the St. Maures; for the accomplished hypocrite, who had shed so much blood, seemed to know nought of conscience or its stings. When he was again taken to the scaffold, it was amid the execrations of multitudes, and no man's pity followed the wretch into eternity. His crimes had been committed with as little remorse, and under as unnatural circumstances, as any that ever disgraced the annals of mankind.

Theodore de Valmont was restored to the arms of his beloved Emily, and enjoyed as perfect happiness as ever falls to human lot. In the close concealment which he was compelled to preserve after his flight, he had not heard of the acknowledgment of the marriage, otherwise he would probably have braved all danger, and returned earlier to Brussels. This narrative, as the *Oriental Herald* (from which we derive the materials of this article) informs us, is founded upon facts which really occurred.

USE AND ABUSE OF SPECTACLES.

[From the ignorance of the public respecting the physiology of the eye, and the causes of defective or infirm sight, the supply of spectacles is too apt to become a matter of quackery and imposture. The following paper upon the subject is the composition of an optician of perfect respectability, Mr. Andrew Ross, of Regent Street, Piccadilly, who has printed it in a small sheet for private circulation. As we can place perfect reliance on its statements, and deem it every way creditable to the writer, we have transferred it, with his obliging concurrence, to these pages.]

THE public is from time to time amused, and in some instances perhaps deceived, by announcements of extraordinary spectacles, claiming occasionally, in rather mysterious language, very novel and remarkable properties. It may be useful therefore to explain, in a few simple words, all that spectacles can possibly effect, and all that the most skilful opticians have ever professed to effect by their means.

For this purpose it is not necessary to describe minutely the anatomical structure of the eye, nor to say more of its optical arrangements than this: that in the perfect and healthy organ, certain parts, called the crystalline, vitreous, and aqueous humours, are so disposed with other parts, as to form a compound lens, and to cause all the light which enters the pupil from any one luminous or illuminated point, to converge into another point at the back of the eye, on the surface of what is called the retina. Most persons have heard, that a picture of any visible object is in this way said to be painted on the retina whenever the image is presented to the mind, just as the picture of the external landscape is painted on the table of the camera obscura.

The table in this instrument is always placed at such a distance from the lens through which the light is admitted, that the rays converge to a point precisely as they reach its surface. If the table be elevated or depressed, so as to make it approach to, or recede from, the lens, the picture will instantly become indistinct: will exhibit exactly the same sort of confusion and obscurity which are experienced in cases of defective vision, when the retina or table of the eye is not at the proper distance from its lens, or, which is the same thing, when the lens is not adapted to its distance from the retina.

The most numerous cases of imperfect vision arise from the circumstances just explained—from the failure of the eye to converge the admitted light to a point at the same moment that it reaches the retina: and the means by which this defect may be obviated, through the intervention of spectacles, will be easily and clearly understood from the following considerations: particularly if assisted by an actual experiment:—

The convergence of the light which enters the pupil of the eye, is, as an optical phenomenon, precisely similar to the convergence of the sun's rays by a burning-glass; and the theory of spectacles may thus be familiarly illustrated. Take a common lens, or burning-glass, and hold it in the sun's light, opposite to a sheet of paper, at such a distance that it shall form on the paper a well-defined, and consequently bright, image of the sun. This condition represents the perfect eye. Now, cause the lens to approach the paper, and the image will gradually become more and more confused, because the paper will intercept the cones of light before they have reached the point of concentration. The effect just described is similar to the imperfection of vision produced by old age, with this difference, that in the latter case it is not so much an alteration of the distance between the lens and the retina, as an alteration partly in the figure of the compound lens, and partly in its power of adjustment. The result is, however, the same: and the remedy in one case will explain what is required in the other.

Holding the burning-glass at a distance from the paper somewhat less than that at which the distinct image was produced, take a number of dissimilar but comparatively flat convex lenses, and apply them in succession to the burning-glass, observing in each case what effect is produced on the sun's image. Presently one will be found which will restore to the image the same degree of distinctness and splendour which it possessed in the best position of the original lens. The added glass by which this effect is obtained, is in fact a spectacle to the original glass; and the series of experiments by which a lens was found, adapted to restore the brightness of the image, were analogous to the trials sometimes made by the patient with spectacles of various power.

If instead of approaching the burning-glass to the paper, it had been removed successively to greater distances, a similar series of results would have been observed—a gradually increasing faintness and indistinctness in the image, till at length it would have vanished altogether. In all these cases the cones of light from the sun would have converged to a point before they reached the paper, and after crossing at the point of concentration, would have spread more or less over the surface, giving rise to the same effects as when they were intercepted before concentration. A similar series of trials with concave instead of convex lenses, will at last discover one which, applied to the original glass, will restore the image, and this is equally a spectacle; but it is the spectacle adapted to the short-sighted—to those whose eyes converge the light to a point before it reaches the retina—a defect exactly the reverse of that produced by age.

An attentive consideration of these facts, and particularly a repetition of these easily-made experiments, will render any one familiar with the greater part of the optical philosophy of spectacles, and will enable him to appreciate much of the misrepresentation constantly addressed to the world on this subject.

There are some other circumstances not quite so completely within the reach of common observation, regarding which a little advice may be useful.

First, as concerns the material of which spectacles should be made. The use of coloured glass for spectacles, whether ground into lenses or flat, is open to many objections. There is a degree of plausibility about the adoption of green glass, in consequence of green being what has been termed the "livery of nature," and it is possible to imagine a case of a person temporarily exposed to such extremely bright light, that green spectacles would be an advisable protection. But their habitual use gives rise to a succession of violent changes of colour, which are painful to the unpractised, and must be injurious to those who have become inured to them. The redness with which every thing appears tinged after the removal of green spectacles, is more distressing than any ordinary excess of light or colour. But in fact the whole argument from nature's livery is founded on a fallacy. Nature gives us, it is true, green fields and greenish trees, but we have bright flowers, and, what is of more consequence, bright skies. In any common landscape how small a portion of the sphere of vision gives green light, and how rapidly does the eye wander from one colour to another, securing, by constant variety, an agreeable freshness, and totally obviating any effect like the glare which accompanies the sudden removal of green spectacles! Blue glass, the removal of which colours every thing yellow, is equally objectionable. In cases of weakness or inflammation it may be desirable to diminish the quantity or intensity of light, but except under extraordinary artificial circumstances, it is better to do this equally, to subdue every colour in the same degree, and to take the world as nature presents it. For this purpose glass of no definite colour, but of the tone called by painters the neutral tint, is decidedly the best; spectacles of this material produce exactly the same effect as the overcoming of a cloud, and their removal is like the clearing up after a shower.

It may be safely asserted, that, among scientific opticians, no doubt exists as to the superiority of good colourless plate glass, or rock crystal, for the major part of the cases of defective vision. In the selection of these some care is required to obtain them free from specks, and also from waves produced by the unequal density of the material. Where these exist, a painful impression is made on the eye, and a constant injurious struggle is maintained to avoid an evil which cannot be escaped. All spectacle glasses are, or ought to be, portions of spheres, having both surfaces truly spherical; and though competition for price may induce some to perform imperfectly the easy task of producing such surfaces, there is nothing in the operation which requires more than an ordinary share of skill and integrity.

In the determination of the curvatures best adapted to each particular case, considerable skill, and sometimes the most refined optical science, may be demanded. In the first stages of imperfection, portions of the largest spheres should be used; such spectacles have by some means acquired the unmeaning title of *preservers*—a term which seems intended to imply that they will retard the changes incident to age, and maintain the sight unimpaired beyond the usual period. But they will no more do this than a crutch, however useful as a palliative, will *preserve* against the gout or the palsy. When the eye begins to fail, glasses of low curvature, which exactly make up the deficient power of concentration, are the appropriate *relief*; but they are not otherwise *preservers* than as they preserve the

patient from straining efforts to produce an adjustment which is no longer within his power.

Among the cases which require more skill and intelligence in the optician, are those in which the eyes have become impaired in different degrees, requiring glasses of different focal lengths; but the most difficult of all are those in which the malformation of one or both eyes actually distorts the images of the objects, requiring therefore a glass or glasses formed to produce a distortion precisely the reverse of that occasioned by the eyes, so that a combination of the two may present a perfect picture.

The periscopic spectacles of Dr Wollaston are an ingenious and beautiful contrivance for increasing the facility with which the eye can embrace a large circle of vision, the head remaining unmoved; but the habit of moving the head, instead of merely moving the eyes, is so soon acquired, that they are not much used.

It remains to say something on the use of glasses to one eye only; and perhaps the shortest and best thing that can be said is, that the practice is injudicious and injurious in the highest degree. Nothing can seem more unwise than to use only one of a pair of extremely delicate sensitive organs, having a most acute and wonderful sympathy with each other, acting always in concert when not forcibly prevented, yet subject, with every care, to innumerable derangements. These remarks, of course, do not apply to the occasional use of a magnifying glass for some special purpose; but in these cases it is best to use alternately, and equally, both eyes.

For reading or writing by candle-light, or under a strong sun or sky-light, it is useful to protect the eyes from the upper brightness by a shade. Those which tie round the forehead are injurious, in as much as they confine an atmosphere of heated air about the eyes, which is more prejudicial and more likely to produce inflammation than the excluded light would have been. The ventilating eye-shade, which completely screens off light, but permits the free circulation of the air past the eyes and forehead, will be found a most luxurious and beneficial acquisition to all who suffer from this cause.

JOHN SPENCE, A NATURAL MECHANICAL GENIUS.

JOHN SPENCE was the son of a tanner in Linlithgow, and from the early age of four or five years exhibited a taste for mechanics. He could not study the subject in books, from his ignorance of the technical terms, but, as he grew up, he cultivated his favourite propensity by visiting many and various machines, observing them in motion, and meditating on the principles developed in their construction. Wheels and levers occupied all his boyish thoughts, and he was happy only when inventing, and constructing what he invented. At the age of twelve he was sent to a shoemaker to learn that business, but was never indentured. Such was his readiness in taking up any handicraft employment, that, after looking on for a week or two in the shoemaker's workshop, he began the trade at his own hand, requiring no further superintendence to teach him its whole mystery.

Some years afterwards, having imbibed a dislike to the shoemaker trade, and being desirous of getting near some of the great machinery in Glasgow, John Spence went to that city, and made an unsuccessful attempt to procure employment in some of the factories there. He then returned to Linlithgow, where, to his great satisfaction, he obtained the humble place of keeper of a small steam-engine. His duty here was to oil the machinery and feed the furnace; and though his friends were altogether unable to conceive what pleasure he could find in such an occupation, he felt perfectly happy in it, from the opportunity it afforded him merely of seeing wheels in motion. Tired at length of the sameness of the scene, Spence, at the end of two years, returned to the trade of a shoemaker. But the mechanical powers still haunted his imagination, and he continued to invent and construct, neither to the benefit of his purse, nor to the satisfaction of his friends and his wife. In 1814, he was so much disgusted with the shoemaking, that he resolved to try the weaving trade. He constructed the whole apparatus of a loom, except the heddles and the reed, got a professional weaver to put in the first web, and, without any other instruction, made cloth not distinguishable from the manufacture of those regularly bred to the business.

A restless desire to accomplish something of greater moment in the mechanic arts, appears to have soon led Spence away from the weaving scheme. Among other curious subjects, he turned his attention to the invention of travelling machines, where the moving power was to be supplied by the traveller's hands or feet. He came from Linlithgow to Edinburgh in a car of this kind, which was afterwards exhibited in the latter city. This car stood on four wheels, and

could hold three persons, two of whom wrought at a time in propelling it by means of two handles acting on the wheels, and which handles revolved like those of bucket-wells or milk-churns. Various other machines, evincing much mechanical ingenuity, were invented by John Spence, but we are unable to describe these in detail, and now turn to the great feat which brought him into general notice, or rather notoriety.

Spence was just the man to be tempted into the pursuit of the Will o' the Wisp, called the Perpetual Motion. His scientific knowledge was too limited to guard him against the delusive belief in the practicability of such an invention; and the honours which would undoubtedly attend success, formed a most seductive prospect to his ambition. After directing his ingenuity long to this difficult point, he at last announced to his friends in Linlithgow, that he had attained the object of his desires. This occurred between the years 1814 and 1818. After a time, the intelligence of the ingenious Linlithgow shoemaker's discovery of the perpetual motion spread generally over the country, and great numbers of strangers, scientific and otherwise, visited his house, and saw his machine. Every body admired the ingenuity and seeming simplicity of the contrivance. In the Edinburgh Magazine for May 1818, a description of the invention is thus given. After stating the difficulty of explaining it clearly, the writer proceeds:—"Suffice it to say, that a wooden beam, poised by the centre, has a piece of steel attached to one end of it, which is alternately drawn up by a piece of magnet placed above it, and down by another placed below it; and that, as the end of the beam approaches the magnet, either above or below, the machine interjects a non-conducting substance, which suspends the attraction of the magnet approached, and allows the other to exert its powers. Thus, the end of the beam continually ascends and descends betwixt the two magnets, without ever coming into contact with either; the attractive power of each being suspended precisely at the moment of nearest approach. As the magnetic attraction appears to be a permanently operating power, there appears to be no limit to the continuance of the motion, but the endurance of the materials of the machine." The novelty here, it will be seen, lies in the ingenious manner in which the magnetic power seems to be rendered inoperative, at the proper moment, by the intervention of the non-conductor. The magnet had often been thought of as the source of a perpetual movement, but Spence had the merit of inventing this mode of bringing it into play.

Such are the principles upon which the perpetual-motion machine of Spence was ostensibly constructed. Being seen by several persons of eminence, the inventor was recommended to bring his wonderful engine to Edinburgh, for exhibition before the great ones of the capital. He adopted the advice given to him, and came to Edinburgh in the middle of the year 1818. He at once excited the greatest attention among the scientific people, some of the most eminent of whom seem to have sincerely adopted the belief that Spence had succeeded in discovering the grand desideratum. The whole world ran after the extraordinary shoemaker of Linlithgow. The great machine itself was after a time shut up in a convenient place (on the Calton Hill, we believe), in order to test the *perpetuity* of its movements, and it was there visited by thousands. Drawings of it were exhibited in the streets, and the ingenious sect of the phrenologists examined the inventor's skull, where they found every thing to coincide with the possession of great mechanical genius. There is one point in the report of the phrenologists upon Spence's head, which strikes us as extremely *naïve*, considering what came out afterwards. "I found (says the phrenological reporter) that he had a very large development of *cautiousness*;" and afterwards, "so far as I have been able to observe, he is very cautious; and some persons who have been attempting to impetrate his secret from him, regarding the perpetual motion, will be able to confirm my testimony from their own experience." When addressed himself on the subject, Spence said, "You may judge yourself whether I am *cautious*." All this (though reflecting credit rather than otherwise upon phrenology) tends to excite a smile when one considers how little Spence's real reason for caution and concealment was thought of at the time. For, after a season, the *perpetual movement* came to a pause, like all earthly things! The inventor had permitted no one to examine the interior of the machine, and was himself excluded from doing what he chose to it; and, in consequence, the movement came to an end, after having continued for about a month. It was then found, that the operation of the magnetic power was merely the *ostensible* cause of the movement, and that the real source was a *large spring* in the

interior. The machine ran out in the same way as does an eight-day clock.

The deception which Spence had practised was certainly an unjustifiable one, and he was punished for it, by losing all the credit which his real ingenuity entitled him to. Notwithstanding this unfortunate declension, the mechanical shoemaker continued to indulge in his favourite pursuits. He turned his attention, among other things, to the construction of *velocipedes*, or horse-like machines, where the rider fulfils the double part of horse and horseman. On a machine of this order, consisting of two wheels, one behind and one before, with an intermediate bar, shaped like a saddle, in the centre, Spence once travelled between Edinburgh and Glasgow. He propelled himself by pushing his feet occasionally against the ground, and could keep up for a mile or two with a gig, going at a common pace. Although an unpractised person, from the narrow base presented by the wheels, could with difficulty balance himself on this machine even in a seated posture, Spence had acquired by practice such dexterity in managing it, that he could stand on the saddle on one foot, and, with the other projected in the air as a balance, guide the engine down a declivity of nearly a mile in length, going all the while at a bounding pace. For some time he contrived to draw a little money by showing this velocipede, and teaching people to ride on it, in a courtyard which he rented for the purpose.

Another production of John Spence's ingenuity was a house—a wooden house, which he erected at Fountainbridge, a suburb on the south-west of the Scottish metropolis. This house was twelve feet square, and consisted of three floors, reckoning a cellar and garret under that denomination. Twelve posts or standards, each about four inches square, composed the solid supports of the building, and these were clad outside and inside with deals, forming the walls. The space between might be filled up with any loose stuffing to increase the warmth within. An excavation beneath formed a cellar. The roof was of wood, and a trap-stair led from the main floor to the garret. The materials of the house were bound together by long screw bolts, where required. This house was perfectly portable. Spence took it down one morning, moved it on one cart for six miles, and had it up on the new site before night. He dwelt in it with his family for two years, and here one of his children was born. His wife kept a sort of fruit-shop in it, and people used to come from far and near to see "the portable house." The whole cost of it amounted to little more than thirty pounds. He sold it to a person in Fife, and, for aught known to the contrary, it now forms one of the respectable habitations of that ancient kingdom.

After various vicissitudes, John Spence settled down in Edinburgh in his old trade of a shoemaker, and in this condition he still remains. The passion for mechanical invention remains in as great force as ever, and, indeed, seems only to have gathered strength with his increasing years. His attention, latterly, has been directed chiefly to two objects. One of these is the invention of a reaping-machine, which seems to us most ingenious in theory, whatever it may be in practice. It is intended to cut a whole *rig* at once, and to be drawn on wheels by two horses, one moving in each furrow or hollow. It resembles a lidless chest or box, the two ends knocked out, and with a number of cutters, like a row of partially opened pairs of scissors, attached to one end of the box, at the bottom. The box is pushed forward, so that these cutters meet the grain at the proper part, while, by a revolving contrivance, the grain is not only held steady till cut, but, after being cut, is swept backwards into the box. By another revolving contrivance, the grain is then swept out at the back end of the box, and laid on the ground. If the machine fulfilled its objects, the grain would be laid in straight rows, at the distance of a foot or so from each other, and in a condition ready to be bound up. Without such a model as Spence has made, however, it is impossible, we fear, to give any idea of the working of this reaping-machine.

The other object to which Spence has been directing some attention recently, is the construction of skates for dry land, and he has made little machines of this kind, which he conceives to be far superior to any velocipede that he ever saw. These machines are just skates, fixed upon little wheels. One of Spence's boys is very dexterous in the use of them, and is able to travel on them at the rate of eight miles or so an hour. A hard and dry macadamised road is the best field for the use of them, and it really appears that a person who has had some practice with them might often travel with great speed and ease, for considerable distances. Though a very steep hill would be difficult of ascent, yet, on the common order of roads now-a-days, there are no acclivities which could not be surmounted on these rolling skates with the utmost ease. They have also this advantage, that if one grew tired of them, they might be readily taken off, and carried in the hand.

Such are a few of the works of this untutored lover of the mechanic arts. Spence appears to us to be a man who would have unquestionably distinguished himself under more favourable circumstances. As it has happened, the pursuits to which his mind turned itself have always been incompatible with the steady prosecution of the labours upon which his bread depended. He is, in short, one of those men whose fortune it is, seemingly, never to find inclination and interest pulling one way. Take him all in all, ne pre-

sents a remarkable instance of a character, stamped with such indelible force by nature, or by early direction of his mind to a particular object, that no circumstances whatever have the slightest impression in eradicating the original lineaments.

STORY OF THE PICTURE.

ACCIDENTALLY resting for a moment in a small room lately in the house of a stranger, an oil-painting hanging on the opposite wall arrested our attention. There was nothing very remarkable, certainly, in the execution of the piece, of which it might have been said, in the gently sarcastic words of Goldsmith, that "had the painter taken more pains, the painting would have been better done." But the disposition of the figures constituted the striking feature, as this plainly indicated the piece to have been intended to commemorate some real incident, and that of a curious nature. The figures were three in number, all of them of the masculine branch of humanity. One of them was erect or standing, another was seated, while a third was resting on the floor on his knees and hands. In the centre of the group stood a large chest, the lid of which was raised and thrown back, exposing to view nothing distinct. So much for the relative positions of the men and the box. Now for the individual expression of each of the parties. The person on his legs had one hand extended, pointing to the open chest, while his countenance was directed to the sitting gentleman *vis-a-vis*, with a look that said as plainly as words, "What do you think of that now? Doesn't that astonish you?" The sitting gentleman's sense of wonder responded to the call thus made upon it, and he replied, in the same mute way, "Well, I never—Did I ever?—No I never—saw the match of that!" The kneeling figure afforded some glimpse of a cause for these feelings of the gentleman on his legs and the gentleman in the chair. He had a board lying before him, on which some *silver spoons and forks* were ranged in rows. This board was about the size of the lid of the chest, and it was plain that there was some connection between them, which caused the uplifted palms of the gentleman in the chair, and had brought the other individual to an erect posture. A tea-pot or coffee-pot, and some other articles of silver plate, were placed on the floor, a little aside, and corroborated the impression that silver was a substance deeply implicated in the whole affair.

To use a favourite expression of novelists when they are sensible of having been *more* than commonly dull and long-winded, "what has required so much time in description was discerned by the eye at a single glance." In the case of this painting, having taken in all at one look, we became most amazingly anxious to know the circumstances to which the piece referred. And the history of the painting was told to us, as we shall now tell it again.

A gentleman, of good estate and repute, thought fit on one occasion to change his residence from one of our larger towns to a place at the distance of some thirty or forty miles in the country. At his departure, finding it inconvenient or unnecessary to take his stock of silver articles with him to his new residence, he deposited them with a goldsmith in town. The agent in handing over the plate to the jeweller was the proprietor's servant, a person who was to accompany his master to the country. It would appear that the plate had not been looked over on its consignment to the jeweller—at least, not at the immediate time of the gentleman's departure. The latter and his family, including the servant who had had the charge of delivering the plate, went to the country according to intention, and remained there some few weeks. An inventory, however, of the plate existed; and, ultimately, when the gentleman wished again to come to town, finding his residence in the country not to be so comfortable as he had anticipated, this inventory, at his request, was compared by the jeweller with the stock of plate consigned to him, when some of the articles were found wanting.

On this discovery being made, suspicion at once fell, and not unnaturally, upon the servant, who had been entrusted with the plate. He denied the charge when it was put to him; but there appeared no other way of explaining the deficiency in the chest, than upon the supposition that it must have been abstracted at the moment of consignment, as the quantity of plate existing in the possession of his master, when the family were in town, was perfectly well known. The servant was thrown into prison, in spite of his protestations of innocence. There he lay for several months; the belief of all being, that he alone *could* possibly be the purloiner of the missing articles, as no person but himself, it could be proved, had touched or intermeddled with the plate-chest before its consignment to the jeweller. The lost plate, it may be here added, consisted chiefly if not entirely of forks and spoons.

As the assizes did not come on for several months in the district where the accused servant was confined, the consideration of his guilt or innocence was necessarily delayed for that period, as far as an open trial, by a jury of his countrymen, was concerned. What would have been the result of such a trial, it is impossible to say; but the probability is, that it would have gone hard with the accused. He, in the mean while, during his imprisonment, begged hard and often to be permitted to go to town, declaring that he himself would speedily discover what had become of the lost plate. Impressed with the idea of his guilt, how-

ever, his accusers would not permit of this, and he remained in his cell, to await his doom.

But before the period arrived for settling the case by a definite decision of a jury, a strange and most unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which totally altered the face of affairs. The plate-chest, from which the articles were missing, had been removed, as a matter of course, from the jeweller's premises to the house of the proprietor. That gentleman, on the imprisonment of his servant, had engaged a new one, to whom the care of the chest in question, as well as of other affairs of the household, was entrusted. Now, it chanced, that, while this new servant, on a certain time, was employed in turning up and examining in the course of his duty this identical plate-chest, he discovered a *slide*, or sort of false top, which, on being taken out, revealed to his eyes a row of forks and spoons, not in the list of those over which he had been appointed curator. This slide was fixed into the top of the chest, in a way that will be perfectly intelligible to all who have seen trunk-lids that had a depending portion, forming part of the sides. Having, of course, heard of the charge made against his predecessor in office, the servant at once concluded that these were the missing articles of plate, and hurried to inform his master.

On receiving intelligence of this discovery, and satisfying himself of the mistake which he had been led into, the gentleman, it is natural to suppose, felt great contrition for what had happened. His first impulse was to send for the jeweller, who had been a party to the mistake. The jeweller came, and it is this meeting which the artist has put upon canvas. The jeweller is the seated personage, the proprietor of the plate is the gentleman on his legs, and the new servant is the party kneeling on the floor, exhibiting the recently discovered portion of the contents of the chest. Undoubtedly, the artist chose a good point of the story for delineation on canvas.

On this revelation being made, the accused servant was liberated, as might have been expected. But it was not to be supposed that he could put up patiently with the unfounded charge made against him, and the confinement which he had suffered. He claimed compensation, and the parties from whom he claimed it were under the necessity, willingly or unwillingly, of buying indemnity for their mistaken accusation, at the cost of several hundred pounds.

Such is the story of the painting. It has a moral, or perhaps two. The first and least pointed or special, refers to the danger of preferring rash charges. The second and most directly applicable, may be conveyed in these words: "Let every man take care to know the outs and ins of his own plate-chest."

KORNER AND HIS POETRY.

THE warlike bards of ancient Greece, who animated their countrymen on the battle-field by bursts of spirit-stirring song—the troubadours of the days of chivalry, who waved their swords to strains of knightly prowess or of ladies' love—have in modern times found a prototype and an equal in the person of a young soldier-poet of Germany, Carl Theodor Korner. This gifted being was born at Dresden, on the 23d September of the year 1791, and was the son of a respectable Saxon Councillor of Appeals. In childhood, Theodor was afflicted with considerable weakness of constitution, which retarded his education a little; but as he advanced in years, his bodily strength increased, chiefly by the practice of gymnastic exercises, in which he became remarkably expert. He excelled as a dancer, a swimmer, a fencer, and a rider. His mental faculties developed themselves with his increasing bodily vigour. History, natural philosophy, and mathematics, were his favourite studies of a severe order, and, among the lighter branches of knowledge, his tastes led him strongly to poetry and music. At a very early age he played finely on the guitar, and wrote various little pieces for that instrument, which were much admired. His father neither repressed nor encouraged the poetical tendencies of Theodor; but when it is mentioned that the poets Schiller and Oehlenschläger (the Dane) were among the intimate friends of the family, it may well be supposed that the spirit of song inherent in the breast of young Korner was not left without encouragement and fostering praise.

On reaching the age of seventeen, Theodor Korner was sent to Freyberg to prosecute the study of the mining art, which he had chosen to follow as his profession. At Freyberg he had the good fortune to enjoy the instructions and friendship of the celebrated mineralogist Werner, and made distinguished progress in his studies. Poetry still continued to be the charm of Korner's private hours, and many of his finest pieces were composed about this period. Warm affections, and an ardent and lively spirit, conjoined with strong devotional feelings, were the characteristics of his muse, as they were of his own temperament. His academic career at Freyberg terminated in 1810, after which he spent some time with his parents. It was at this period that his first collection of poetical pieces was published under the title of "Blossoms." The little volume was well received.

In the close of 1810, Korner went to Leipzig, to pass half a year at the university of that city. The students of Leipzig were then in a state of commotion, and though Theodor neither became a violent partisan in their strifes, nor an eager partaker in their wild revelries, it is probable that he imbibed here a portion of that patriotic ardour and of that passionate love of liberty

which he afterwards showed to have grown into his nature. From Leipzig he went to Berlin, with the view of continuing his studies there, but an attack of tertian fever compelled him to resort to change of air, and his father resolved upon sending him to Vienna. In August 1811, when he had not yet completed his twentieth year, he arrived in the Austrian capital, and now his career may be said to have commenced. His father was in easy circumstances, but it would appear that Korner, on his first arrival in Vienna, found a means of subsistence in the scientific knowledge he had already acquired. Poetry, however, always his passion, soon became his business. He began to write for the stage, and in the course of a very short time produced two one-act pieces (in Alexandrines), the *Bride*, and the *Green Domino*, which were extremely successful, and were followed rapidly by the *Night-Watch* (a farce), several dramas of a serious character, entitled *The Expiation*, *Soni*, and *Joseph Heyderich*; three comic pieces, *The Cousin*, *The Officer of the Guard*, and *The Governess*; and three operas, *The Four-Years' Post*, *The Fisher Girl*, and *The Miners*. In addition to these pieces, he produced two tragedies, one taken from the story of *Fair Rosamond* in English history, and the other—Korner's greatest performance of this kind—entitled *Zriny*, from a heroic incident in the Hungarian annals. Many other pieces were also planned and commenced.

All these productions were the work of fifteen months, and the varied and powerful genius which they exhibited, raised their young author high in the esteem of his countrymen. Korner enjoyed at Vienna the friendship of Humboldt, Schlegel, Caroline Pichler, and other distinguished persons. The result of the general admiration which his compositions excited, was his appointment to the post of Poet of the Court Theatre—an official situation of this kind being the general way of making a permanent provision for poetical merit in Germany. But Korner had held this office only a few months, when the Prussians joined the other German armies, then campaigning against the French invaders. Theodor had already almost determined upon taking up his sword for his country; and this movement of Prussia, which he thought full of hope to the cause of German liberty, decided him upon the step. Though at the moment on the eve of being united to a young lady whom he loved deeply, Korner thought the call of duty paramount, and left Vienna, on the 15th March 1813, to join the Prussian army. "I must forth!" he said, in announcing this step to his father; "I must oppose my breast to the waves of the storm! Could I, think you, stand aloof, contented to celebrate, with weak inspiration, the success of my conquering brethren?"

Korner found, at Breslau, a free or voluntary corps in progress of formation, which, from its commander Major Von Lutzow, was called Lutzow's Free Corps. This corps was filled with men vowed to freedom; it contained officers, artists, and landed gentlemen in its ranks, all inspired with the most enthusiastic patriotism. Such a corps was perfectly suited to the tastes of Korner, and he enrolled himself in it immediately. His comrades soon raised him to the rank of lieutenant, for they were spirits exactly of the order to be delighted with the martial and soul-animating strains which he composed for them. So dreadful was this body to the French in the course of the succeeding war, that Napoleon, it is said, laid a plan on one occasion for cutting them off at a blow. The first battle in which Korner was present, took place at Danneberg, on the 12th May 1813, and on the morning before the onset, he composed his famous "War Song." On the 17th June following, the Lutzow free corps were surrounded in the neighbourhood of Leipzig, and an armistice had just been concluded, Theodor was sent by Major Lutzow to seek an explanation from the hostile commander. Instead of giving this, the cowardly officer struck a blow at the unprepared Korner with his sabre, and a general attack instantly followed on the free corps, which, being comparatively weak in numbers, was compelled to retreat. In the confusion, Korner was unnoticed. The stroke made at him had severely wounded him on the head. Another blow followed, and Korner fell back on his horse; but, recovering himself, he was borne by his spirited charger in safety to a neighbouring wood. Here he found a comrade who helped to bind up his wounds. While thus engaged, a pursuing band of the foe appeared, and would have captured or killed them, had not Korner, with admirable presence of mind, turned his head to the wood, and cried with a loud voice, "Fourth squadron, advance!" The stratagem succeeded; the enemy were alarmed, and retreated.

Moving farther into the woods, the wounded poet spent there the night. During this period, while expecting nothing but death, worn and exhausted, he composed the following sonnet. The translation here given is by Mr G. F. Richardson, whose version of Korner's *Life* (from the German of the poet's father) is now before us.

"FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Written as I lay, severely wounded and helpless, in a wood, expecting to die.

My deep wound burns; my pale lips quake in death—
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord! to thy will I yield my parting breath!
Yet many a dream hath charmed my youthful eye:
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise before me now—
And as my fading senses ebb away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!"

As Korner composed these verses, in a situation realising the supposed scene of Burns's "Farewell, thou fair day," he heard the enemy searching the wood at times, but at last he fell asleep. When he awoke, two peasants were standing over him. They had been sent to his aid by his comrades, and they bore him secretly to the nearest village, whence he was conveyed, a few days afterwards, to Leipsic, then in possession of the enemy. As Korner was known to have with him the money of the Lutzow corps, he was eagerly sought for, but his friends were faithful, and on his wounds being partly healed, he left Leipsic for Berlin. In this city he speedily made a complete recovery, and had returned to his post in the Lutzow corps, who were ordered to the right bank of the Elbe above Hamburg, before the 17th of August, when hostilities recommenced. Nine days afterwards, Major Lutzow led his corps to the attack of a transport of provisions, escorted by two regiments of the enemy. On the morning of that day, the 26th of August, Theodor Korner wrote one of the most extraordinary pieces that ever came from poet's pen. It is almost untranslatable; but as much of its power and beauty, as can be given in a version, is given, perhaps, in the following translation, which appeared some years ago in a popular periodical:—

THE SWORD SONG.

Thou sword upon my belted vest,
What means thy glittering polish'd crest,
Thus in my ardent glowing breast
Raising a flame?—Hurrah!
"A horseman brave supports my blade,
The weapon of a freeman made—
For him I shine—for him I'll wade
Through blood and death—Hurrah!"
Yes, my good sword, I still am free,
And fond affection bear to thee,
As if thou wert betrothed to me,
My first dear bride—Hurrah!
"Soldier of Freedom, then I'm thine!
For thee alone my blade shall shine—
When, soldier, shall I call thee mine,
Joined in the field?—Hurrah!"
Soon shall our bridal morn arise!
When the shrill trumpet's summons flies,
And red guns flash along the skies,
We'll join our hands—Hurrah!
"O sacred union! Haste away,
Ye tardy moments of delay—
I long, my bridegroom, for the day
To be thy bride—Hurrah!"
Then why cling to the seaboard—why!
Thou messenger of destiny—
So wild, so fond of battle-cries,
Why cling'st thou there?—Hurrah!
"Though fond in battle-fields to serve,
I hold myself in dread reserve,
The cause of freedom to preserve—
For this I stay—Hurrah!"
Then still in narrow compass rest—
Ere a long space thou shalt be blest,
Within my ardent grasp compressed,
Ready for fight—Hurrah!
"O let me not too long await!
I love the gory field of fate,
Where death's rich roses grow elate
In bloody bloom—Hurrah!"
Then forth! quick from thy seaboard fly,
Thou treasure of the soldier's eye—
Come, to the scene of slaughter hie,
Thy cherish'd home—Hurrah!
"O glorious thus in nuptial tie
To wed beneath heaven's canopy!
Bright, as a sunbeam of the sky,
Glitters your bride—Hurrah!"
Forth, then, thou messenger of strife!
Thou German soldier's plighted wife!
Who feels not renovated life
When clasping thee?—Hurrah!
While in thy scabbard at my side,
I seldom gazed on thee, my bride—
Now heaven has bid us ne'er divide—
For ever join'd—Hurrah!
Thee glowing to my lips I'll press,
And all my ardent vows confess—
O cursed be he beyond redress
Who'd thee forsake—Hurrah!
Let joy sit in thy polish'd eyes,
While glancing sparkles flashing rise—
Our marriage day dawns in the skies,
My bride of steel—Hurrah!

While Korner was reading these lines of living fire to one of his companions, shortly after he had pencilled them down in his note-book, the signal for attack was sounded. The enemy were beat back, and fled. One of the most bold in the pursuit was Korner; but the enemy halted, and sent back a shower of balls, one of which struck the young hero in the spine and liver, depriving him immediately of consciousness. He was carried back, and put under a surgeon's care, but life was soon over with Theodor Korner. He had not yet completed his twenty-second year. He was interred by his weeping friends under an oak near the village of Wobbelin. When peace was re-established, the place where he lay was enclosed, and a handsome monument erected, bearing an inscription, and orna-

mented with images of the "Lyre and Sword," an appropriate title given to a collection of his smaller pieces. His countrymen hold the memory of Theodor Korner in reverence and admiration, and may well do so; for, if ever poet sang and warrior fought with a noble and sacred purpose, such was the character of the impulses that inspired the verse and unsheathed the "steel-bride" of the young soldier-bard of Germany.

We cannot refrain from presenting, in conclusion, the beautiful tribute of Mrs Hemans to the memory of Korner. A part of the poem alludes to the anxious wish of the poet's sister to be laid in the grave by his side; a wish which it is sad, yet pleasing to tell—was gratified, too early gratified.

THE LYRE AND SWORD.

Green wave the oak for ever o'er thy rest,
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar keepest;
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was pour'd,
Thou of the Lyre and Sword!
Rest, bard! rest, soldier!—by the father's hand
Here shall the child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand,
In the hush'd presence of the glorious dead.
Soldier and bard! for thou thy path hast trod
With freedom and with God.
The oak wad proudly o'er thy burial-rite,
On thy crown'd bier to slumber warriors bore thee,
And with true hearts thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they wail'd their drooping banners o'er thee.
And the deep guns with rolling peal gave token,
That Lyre and Sword were broken.
Thou hast a hero's tomb!—a lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bow'd her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother, true friend! the tender and the brave—
She pined to share thy grave.
Fame was thy gift from others;—but for her,
To whom the wide world held that only spot,
She lov'd thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak, thy trophy:—What hath she?—
Her own blest place by thee!
It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright earth glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood midst the vines ye play'd,
And sent glad singing thro' the free blue sky.
Ye were but two—and when that spirit pass'd,
Woe to the one, the last!
Woe, yet not long!—She linger'd but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast,
Once, once again to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile! its living light was o'er,
It answered hers no more.
The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled;
What then was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perish'd!—be the Flower deplor'd
Here with the Lyre and Sword!
Have ye not met ere now?—so let those trust
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love, where love is but a fount of tears.
Brother, sweet sister! peace around ye dwell:
Lyre, Sword, and Flower, farewell!

THE GENTLEMAN COACHMAN.

SOME years ago, one sweet May morn, I found myself outside the Birmingham "Traveller." It was even before the era of "New Light Patent Safeties," and our coach was a good, substantially built vehicle, painted a handsome yellow, intended for twelve outside and six inside, and calculated for eight miles an hour, including stoppages—a rate considered pretty decent in those times. Our cattle were four browns, large-made animals, with plenty of bone and muscle: I say four browns; for, often as I had occasion in those days to patronise the "Traveller" coach, I never observed a horse of another colour in it, and I verily believe, had any ostler ever ventured to bring out a white one, Gentleman John (the coachman) would have taken it for a polar bear, and fainted on the box. What was the reason of this one idea, I can hardly tell, unless it was that he had the organ of colour largely developed on his cranium, and thought that the brown team and yellow coach harmonised properly.

John Johnson (familiarily called Gentleman John) was a man past middle life, rather below middle height, not corpulent, but comfortably filled out. His features were regular, but not remarkable; his face smooth and rather florid, and his shining grey hair cut straight across his forehead, after the barber's-bowl fashion. His person was extremely neat. A well-brushed black beaver hat, yellow silk neckcloth, olive surcoat of good cloth, unwhisperables of drab kerseymer, and the tops of his boots of the same stayed material, constituted the principal part of his outward man. His expression was sensible without genius, sober without seriousness, cheerful without jocular, and his manners apparently above his station in life. On the road, after a delay by the coach stopping, he would address the outsiders somewhat in this manner—"Now, gentlemen, if you are quite ready —;" and to an inside passenger he would hold the door open, saying, "As soon as it is convenient, sir —;" and invariably guarded most carefully the ladies' dresses from the contamination of

muddy wheels, &c. On leaving the coach, his style of address was, "I am not to have the honour of driving you farther to-day." On the morning in question, it happened that a poor and decrepit female on the road begged him to let her mount behind. He pulled up at once, and, after casting his eye at her feeble attempts to get on the coach, he said to the box passenger, "Excuse me, sir; would you oblige me by holding the reins one moment—that poor old ooman will fall backwards unless I help her." And he did help her. Such was Gentleman John.

The coach that morning was almost entirely filled by substantial farmers and graziers going to Worcester fair, of whom I took little notice, partly as I did not come in immediate contact with them, and partly because I conjectured their characters to be as similar as their shaggy coats, and not likely to repay any trouble I might take in that quarter to discover new varieties of the human mind. I was on the front of the roof; at my right sat a man aged about forty, in a snuff-brown greatcoat, and glazed travelling cap, with a countenance as commonplace as his features. During the whole six-and-twenty miles to Worcester, he sat with his hands in his greatcoat pockets (elbowing his neighbour, of course), and delivered himself of two solitary observations in a grumbling tone: the first was, "Evvy made osses!" and the second and last, "Ee don't make 'em work!" The first profound remark had perhaps some truth in it. As to the second, he was all wrong: Gentleman John, at the time it was uttered, was keeping his cattle fresh for an ugly hill a couple of miles farther on. Be that as it may, I at once took this right-hand neighbour of mine for a commercial traveller, and did not care to draw him out.

On my other side was a gentleman somewhere near thirty years of age, whose outward garb and manner immediately convinced me that he belonged to that truly respectable class, the English working clergy. I soon heard enough from him to inform me that he was a young curate who had been pursuing his honourable calling in some remote part of the country, and had just been rewarded (doubtless deservedly) by a preferment at Cheltenham, such as it was; very likely from a curacy of L.60 a-year to another of L.100!—alas! alas! However, it was sufficient to elate his spirits, and make him a most sociable and mirthful companion. It was plain that he had been out of the world; and that, although he might have been performing his daily duties conscientiously and resignedly amongst humble and rustic parishioners, he had a mind formed to enjoy the emerging again into a civilised community. In the company of this agreeable person, the three hours went swiftly by, and our coach stopped at Worcester, for the passengers to breakfast. Here Gentleman John's services were to cease. We (that is, the curate, commercial gentleman, and I) seated ourselves very complacently before our coffee, buttered muffins, and *et ceteras*, and did prompt and ample justice to what was on the table.

I had observed, during our route, that the young clergyman had occasionally fished for information from my better experience, as to economical rules in vogue touching fares, fees, &c. I respected his inquiries, as it struck me that stern necessity might prompt them: for, narrow as might be his purse, I am sure his heart was a liberal one. During our breakfast he ventured, after a little hesitation, and without pointedly addressing either of us, to observe, "They say the coachman leaves us here—what do you think he ought to have?"

Commercial.—"Can't have too little."

Curate (timidly).—"He has only brought us two stages—but long ones certainly."

Commercial.—"No! only two."

Curate.—"And as the coach was full of passengers —"

Commercial.—"Crammed!"

Curate.—"He will make a pretty good thing of it this morning."

Commercial.—"Capital!"

Curate (deferentially, and looks to me).—"Suppose we say—sixpence."

Commercial.—"Enough, and plenty!"

The reader may wonder at my continued silence. Here is the cause. One of the rules of travelling which I keep most sacred is this—as a jury, in trying a felony where real doubt exists, give the prisoner the benefit of it, so do I, in feeling on the road, where a doubt exists, give it in favour of the receiver. In feeling coachmen, some people go by miles, others by stages. For two short stages, sixpence might be thought sufficient; but these had been very long ones, and have indeed been since divided very properly into three. Had I been alone, I should never have hesitated. Had there been two to one against me on ordinary occasions, I should still have persisted in taking the liberal side: but here, delicacy for my worthy young companion's feelings conquered me; so, when I found the two had settled the matter, I said, "Gentlemen, you will find me keep you in countenance—I shall give the same as you do."

We had scarcely laid our shabby money on the table, when a waiter opened the room door and ushered in the coachman. The latter advanced, hat in hand, bowing as he approached us, and saying in his usual phrase, "Gentlemen, I am not to have the honour of driving you farther." The curate winced, while the commercial gentleman pointed to the three sixpences. Gentleman John gathered them up in silence, and slowly retreated. When he reached the door, he for a moment

held it in one hand, with his hat in the other, and then, after clearing his throat (apparently from emotion), in a calm and dignified, but respectful tone, with a little of the pathetic intermixed, he spoke in these identical words: "Pardon me, gentlemen, for the remark; but whenever I travel these two stages in a private capacity, I invariably give the coachman a shilling!"

A short pause followed the shutting of the door, and was broken, almost simultaneously, by the following ejaculations:—

Curate (with a groan).—"I wish I had done so too!"
Commercial (winking).—"All flam!"

I said nothing, but the reader may easily guess that my feelings approximated nearer to those of my clerical acquaintance than to those of the man who had not a soul above buttons.

And after all, it might not be "all flam." Bagman thought he was knowing; but his knowledge of character was plainly superficial only; he had not marked the coachman's doings and sayings during the previous three hours, and was not aware of the truly respectable character that Johnson bore. And had it been "flam," of the two sorts of flam, blackguardly and civil, give me the latter, say I. That our coachman might have taken our shabby pay in a more unpleasant manner, I purpose showing in No. 2—to be entitled, "Another Short Fee—and how Black Sam took it."

EXERCISE.

[BY DR ARMSTRONG.]

Behold the Labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies:
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly Stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenomed shafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires the autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steered
To every casualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.
Such the reward of rude and sober life,
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid, if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nursed of old her hardy sons:
And Rome's unconquered legions urged their way
Unhurt through every toil, in every clime.
Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compact tone.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of Nature and the year: come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk;
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,
And shed a pleasing languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the labouring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloistered gallery, or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from the ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills. Go, mount the exulting steed.
Toil and be strong. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance;
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked stable; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder.—
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise the insipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity; that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create: and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
Thrice happy days! in rural labours past:
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the old Hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the Fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity;
Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And through the maze of conversation trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
—Select English Poetry.

SUPPLY OF AIR NECESSARY FOR HUMAN SUSTENANCE.

THE following is the newspaper outline of a paper read by Dr D. B. Reid, of Edinburgh, in the medical section of the British Association, at Newcastle, Wednesday, August 22d, on the subject of the supply of fresh and healthy air required for human respiration in public and private buildings:—

"From a very extensive series of experiments made upon the respiration of upwards of one hundred indivi-

duals, who placed themselves successively in an apparatus for this purpose—from the experiments made upon greater numbers, varying from three to two hundred and thirty-four, in apartments specially constructed for the purpose—and from observations made under his direction in the House of Commons every day that Parliament had met during the last two sessions—he contended that the amount of air usually allowed for respiration in public buildings and private dwelling-houses, was far below the standard required for sustaining either the bodily or the intellectual faculties in health and vigour. He considered that the great sources of error, in making estimates on this point, had arisen from a variety of causes. Among these he enumerated the extreme difficulty of calculating and regulating precisely the supply of air in apartments constructed in the usual manner. 2d, That the supply of air had been determined hitherto, not by precise experiments upon the person, but from calculations, which, from the state of science, are at present necessarily imperfect. 3d, From the amount of air required to sustain the functions of the skin, and to facilitate, by gaseous diffusion, the removal of the matter of insensible perspiration, having been in a great measure overlooked. 4th, From the excessively minute quantity in which some gaseous and volatile substances diffused through the atmosphere, gradually undermine the system by long-continued operation. Dr Reid then detailed a variety of circumstances in reference to the constitutional peculiarities of different individuals in respect to air; and he contended that they differed as much in this respect, as in reference to food and drink, exercise, temperance, clothing, &c. In adverting to the influence of heat, light, and electricity, he brought forward a number of instances, showing that the effect upon the human constitution is as important in its action as in the power it is known to possess upon the vegetable kingdom; and referred more particularly to a case pointed out by Sir James Wylie, in one of the largest barracks in the country, where there were three cases of diseases among the soldiers whose apartments looked to a dark and dull court, for one among those who were necessarily exposed to a bright light, the temperature, food, clothing, and discipline, being precisely the same. Dr Reid concluded by stating the following principles as the results of the experiments he had made:—

1. That the supply of air should amount at least to eight or ten cubic feet per minute in an atmosphere at ordinary temperature.
2. That the amount of supply should increase greatly with the temperature. In the House of Commons he had never given less than thirty cubic feet for each individual when very crowded; and on one occasion he had supplied sixty cubic feet for each member, for three weeks successively.
3. That the same attention should be paid to the moisture in the air as to the temperature; and that the hygrometer is as indispensable in providing a proper atmosphere as the thermometer and the anemometer. Five thousand feet of moist surface were used at the House of Commons.
4. That the air may be filtered from suspended impurities; and in many local situations they may be separated with extreme facility.
5. That from the pernicious effects of minute quantities of impurities acting for a long period, it is desirable to exclude hermetically from every apartment all the productions of combustion in providing artificial light."

SHAKING HANDS.

[The following piece of humour appeared anonymously in several British publications about sixteen or seventeen years ago. It re-appears, as the composition of Edward Everett, in a volume entitled "the Boston Book, being Specimens of Metropolitan Literature; edited by B. B. Thatcher. Boston, Light and Stevens, 1837." The Boston Book, we may mention by the way, is a kind of literary curiosity; it contains contributions, in prose and verse, from no fewer than eighty persons resident in the capital of Massachusetts, the population of which does not much exceed 60,000. After this, Boston, we think, may well be called the Athens of America. It is questionable if even the Scottish Athens could produce so large a proportion of individuals capable of contributing respectable papers to a periodical work.]

THERE are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands, and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess that when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to handle so important a subject as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself theorised a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality.

When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined, but did not shake them. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch, or joining of the hands, would but have been cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might naturally have been introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage, it

is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there any thing in the *Chronicles de Philip de Comines*, or the *Byzantine historians*, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the theorists, to supply, by conjecture, the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:—

1. The *pump-handle shake* is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its name, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a steady motion. No attempts should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle shake* should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum shake* may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle shake*. It is well known that people cling to forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle shake*, and the other had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting diagonally, in which line they ever after shook; but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and as usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet shake* to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet shake*, with such severity, as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is in opposition to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are monopolised by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe royal*, the *save-mill shake*, and the shake with *malice prepense*, but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*; the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to their various combinations and modifications of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the modes of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump handle*, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

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